What is it about them?
I must be missing something
They just keep doing nothing
Too intoxicated to be scared
Better off without them
They're nothing but unstable
Bring ashtrays to the table
And that's about the only thing they share

I'm in their second hand smoke
Still just drinking canned coke
I don't need a xanny to feel better
One designated drives home
Only one who's not stoned
Don't give me a xanny now or ever

Waking up at sundown
They're late to every party
Nobody's ever sorry
Too inebriated now to dance
Morning as they come down
Their pretty heads are hurting
They're awfully bad at learning
Make the same mistakes, blame circumstance

I'm in their second hand smoke
Still just drinking canned coke
I don't need a xanny to feel better
One designated drives home
Only one who's not stoned
Don't give me a xanny now or ever

Please don't try to kiss me on the sidewalk
On your cigarette break
I can't afford to love someone
Who isn't dying by mistake in Silver Lake

What is it about them?
I must be missing something
They just keep doing nothing
Too intoxicated to be scared
Hmm, hmm
Hmm, hmm
Hmm, Mmm
Come down, hurting
Learning